THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 67.

ECCENTRICITY.

THE MAN who will venture to depart from the common customs of society, who without regarding what other people esteem or even asking what they practice, will make his own system the foundation of his actions and pursue the novel forms of his own mind in his intercourse with society, will draw the attention of the spectators, though he may not ensure their respect, and bring himself into notice if not into esteem. Whatever is rare will be the subject of wonder, and whatever is bold will attract the gaze of admiration, and few stop to inquire whether the novelty be worthy their regard, or whether the boldness be the proper exhibition of valor.

Custom has so long and so universally been acknowledged as a ruler, and its decrees been treated with so profound a reverence that the rebel from its government, the conspirator against its laws is considered as an original and enterprizing character and draws with him the admiration of vulgar minds who mistake eccentricity for greatness. There is a hardihood required to stand against the current of public opinion which is sometimes associated with the consciousness of determined integrity, and sometimes imitated by that dull and heavy insensibility which knows not the force it opposes and has no end to answer by opposition. Sometimes the inconvenience of a contest with public sentiment is the necessary tax which a man pays for his honesty, and is sometimes the mere labor which he voluntarily assumes, to elevate himself into notice and attract popular attention—In those matters however where there is no good reason against prevailing customs, a strong argument exists in their favor, and he must be destitute of every quality worthy of praise, who seeks it by a contemptuous disregard of common habits and general manners. There are some things indifferent in themselves which become of consequence by the authority of custom; somethings might originally have been conducted one way as well as another, but when custom has determined the manner, the original indifference ceases. The intercourse of society, the forms of politeness, the dress and general deportment are within the control of custom, and he who discovers the originality of his mind by a departure from its decrees shows more captiousness than judgment, and though perfectly at liberty to act in whatever manner he chooses, exercises

his liberty in this way at the expense of his understanding.

Yet there are men in society who are never so well pleased as when acting in direct opposition to general habits. That which is regular and uniform, which has been practised by their forefathers and will be followed by posterity, which every one besides is ready to assent to because it is not of sufficient consequence to alter, is the first object on which they fix their opposition, and when by separating themselves from the mass of society they are known as eccentric and singular characters, they feel all the pride of self-importance and all the consequence which belongs to the discoverer of some new and grand public good.

I never see one of these eccentric geniuses, but I think nature must have given some unfortunate twist to his mind; and as philosophers tell us that all objects are seen inverted by the eye, but that judgment corrects the mistake, I should think that nature had forgotten to supply them with that necessary adjunct to the mind, and that they are acting as if the world was really turned upside down.

The eccentric man is indeed a very ridiculous character. He takes much pains to little purpose and instead of acquiring the esteem of his associates, is always bringing himself into contempt and disgrace. The individuals of society are placed in a situation so dependent on each other that it is very impolitic for one to censure and affront the rest by a practical assertion of his own superior wisdom;—by a refusal to join in ordinary pursuits or be governed by customary rules. But this eccentric genius sets up his own plans in opposition to general opinion, as if the unstudied suggestions of his own mind was superior to the united voice of the community. The reformer of public morals, or the censor of fashion and prevailing sentiment must assume by virtue of the office he undertakes a mind beyond the common standard, he must be known by a superior understanding or a better heart; steady in his purpose, the very original of the *tenax propositum viri*, of the poet, no obstacle must diminish his zeal and no difficulty be more than a momentary check to his enterprize—but the eccentric man, whom we would hold up to contempt, has a cast of character of very different model and as some people are said to assume the cloak of gravity to conceal the defects of the mind, so he decks himself with a singular and many coloured plumage to draw the gaze of the vulgar when he cannot command the approbation of the wise. Like the Indian, he mistakes gaudy colours and singular decorations for the chaste ornaments of a correct taste.

But while we censure that folly which is always in opposition to public sentiment we would not be thought to encourage the depravity which meets with indiscriminate praise every action of the multitude. No wise man will submit his sober judgment to decisions that are oftentimes affected by passion and intemperance, nor can any prudent man so far extend his respect for the customs of his country as to adopt all the thoughtless variety of fashions and the extravagencies to which it gives rise.

But the erratic and uncertain conduct of eccentricity is in no way connected with the bold hostility to public and general corruption which marks the character of a great and honorable man. Far be it from us in advocating a concurrence with the public will to sacrifice one mor-

al virtue or one praise-worthy action. The multitude will often go astray, and hard and thankless as is the task, it is always the duty of an honest man to raise his arm against the error, and lift up his voice against the delusions of his countrymen.

The mean and little sycophancy which bows to every error of a deluded people, and assists in thickening the darkness that blinds them to the ray of truth, and that vain and contemptible affectation which assents to no general forms, to no received opinions, but delights in exploring new courses and following its own path, are equal extremes from the grand medium of propriety and equally unworthy the countenance of an honorable mind.

E.

BIOGRAPHY.

For the Emerald.

MESSRS. EDITORS,

The pages of the Emerald can never be more usefully employed than in preserving the record of those great and elevated characters, whose worth entitles them to dwell in the memory of posterity. To these however, the first place is due to the patriots of our own country whose integrity and talents have conspired to erect the scattered strength of the colonies into a free, sovereign and independent republic. The biography of American worthies unfortunately may be compressed into a very narrow compass, not indeed from the scantiness of materials, but the want of laborers—"the harvest is indeed great but the laborers are few." There is a criminal want of attention to this department of our history, which may in future times diminish from its splendor. But the cause is not difficult to be ascertained. We have here none of that family pride which derives its support from ancestorial dignity. The nobility we honour is personal virtue. The labors of an honorable ancestry transmit very little respect to the descendant. Those who are contemporary with the illustrious deceased find his memory respected as far as it is known, and those who follow anticipate but little advantage by rescuing it from the common lot of humanity. The duty of the biographer is hence transferred from those who are able to perform it, to the general historian, and the records which should exemplify the life and character of our great men in the council or the field, are either lost by this kind of neglect or curtailed in the account by the multiplicity of other subjects, and the necessity of a general attention.

Under these impressions I send you the following short sketch of a great character in our revolution, personally known to many of your readers. It appeared soon after his death. We have arrived at that distance from the revolution, when time is exerting his prerogative over the illustrious actors of that eventful history. Our statesmen and generals are rapidly falling in the arms of death. The record of their virtues should be trusted to some more durable fabric than memory and tradition, and if facts respecting them be preserved, the future PLUTARCH when he explores the archives of our country shall find himself surrounded with the records of more than Grecian greatness.

W.

MEMOIR OF MAJOR GENERAL WAYNE.

ANTHONY WAYNE, major-general in the army of the United States of America, was one of the illustrious foun-

ders of the American Republic. He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1745. His grand-father bore a captain's commission, at the battle of the Boyne, under king William, and was distinguished for his attachment to the principles of liberty. The general's father was a respectable farmer, and served for many years as a representative for the county of Chester, in the general assembly of Pennsylvania, before the revolution. His son succeeded him, as representative for the county, in 1773. In this eventful year, he began his career, as a patriot and friend of the rights of man. He took an active part in all the measures of the assembly that year, which were opposed to the claims of Great Britain; and, in connection with John Dickinson, Thos. Mifflin, Edward Biddle, Charles Thompson, and a few other gentlemen, prepared the way for the decided and useful part which Pennsylvania afterwards took in the American revolution.—In the year 1775, he quitted the councils of his country, for the field. He entered the army of the United States, as a colonel. His name recruited a regiment in a few weeks, in his native county. In the close of this year, he accompanied general Thompson into Canada: here he was soon led into action. In the defeat of general Thompson, he behaved with great bravery, and was singularly useful in saving a large body of the army, by the judicious manner in which he conducted their retreat, after the general was made prisoner. In this battle, the general, then colonel, received a flesh-wound in his leg. In the campaign of 1776, he served under general Gates, at Ticonderoga. General Gates esteemed him highly, not only for his courage, and other military talents, but for his knowledge as an engineer. It was said of him, that his eye was nearly equal to a measure, in judging of heights and distances; a talent of incalculable consequence in an officer. At the close of this campaign, he was created a brigadier-general—He bore an active part in the campaign of 1777. He fought at Brandywine, and, for a long time retarded the progress of the British army, in crossing Chad's ford. He fought at Germantown, and at the Paoli, on Lancaster road: in the last of these battles (where he had a separate command, and in which he was defeated) his coolness and intrepidity, in the midst of a bloody scene, finally sustained his character above censure, and added credit to the American arms—In 1778, he shared in the honour of the victory over the British army at Monmouth. In the same year, he distinguished himself by a bold attack upon a block-house, on the North River; it was rendered unsuccessful, according to the account given of it by general Washington, in his letter to Congress, only by the intemperate valor of his troops.—In 1779, he distinguished himself by surprising and storming Stoney Point. In effecting this business, he marched several miles through a deep morass, in the middle of the night. In the attack upon the fort, he was struck down by a ball, which grazed his head. It was expected that he was killed; but he soon rose, so as to rest upon one knee: feeling his situation, and believing his wound to be mortal, he cried out to one of his aids, "*carry me forward, and let me die in the fort.*" When he entered it, he gave orders to stop the effusion of blood by the sword, and to make the garrison prisoners of war. This humane command was the more generous, as the garrison consisted of some of the troops who had used the bayonet without mercy at the Paoli.—In the year 1781, he bore an active part in the campaign, which reduced the army of Lord Cornwallis to the necessity of surrendering prisoners of war. After this event, he was sent by general Washington to conduct the war in the state of Georgia. Here, his prudence, courage, and military skill, were amply tried: he contended, with equal success, with British soldiers, Indian savages, and American traitors. In a short time, he established peace and liberty, in that once distracted state. As a reward for his eminent services, the legislature of Georgia presented him with a valuable farm.—Upon the return of peace, he retired to private pursuits. In 1787, he subscribed, as a member of the Pennsylvania convention, the instrument which declared the present federal constitution of the United States to be part of the supreme law of the land.—In the year 1792, he accepted of the command of the American army to be employed against the Indians, who, for several years, had carried on a successful and desolating

war upon the frontiers of the United States. In this situation, his military genius broke forth with accumulated lustre. He disciplined and created an army, and, by uniting in his system of tactics Indian stratagems with civilized bravery, he led on his troops to victory, over numerous and confederated tribes, and thereby gave peace in a single day to the United States.—He died in a hut in the wilderness, remote from his friends, that his coutrymen might enjoy in safety, beneath domestic shades, and in cultivated society, the peaceable fruits of their labours. Traveller, whoever thou art, that shalt visit the shores of the lake on which his body is interred, stop and drop a tear, in behalf of his country over his grave. Plant near it a willow, which shall convey to it the dew of heaven, and cut upon its bark, in letters that shall grow with time, the name of Wayne, with the precious epithets of Patriot, Hero and Friend!

FOR THE EMERALD

THE ORDEAL.....No. 17.

Alexander the Great, (Lee) and Perouse.
Friday Feb. 13.

School for Scandal, (Sheridan) and Two Strings to your Bow.
Monday Feb. 16.

THE character of the School for Scandal is so well established that it would be needless to vindicate it among those who have any pretensions to taste. With others who, affecting to despise the judgment of the critical, hazard remarks prejudicial to this comedy, it should be a sufficient counterbalance to their opinion to be informed, that the School for Scandal has contributed more than any other production to exalt the name of Sheridan to the high station in the sphere of literary genius which it has attained. The celebrity of this name whether in the eloquence of the forum or in the sedentary efforts of literary invention, is supported by the wise and learned of all countries, unassisted either by interest or passion.

Of this comedy, its tendency is highly conducive to the best interests of society, in its exposure of the monstrous deformity and venom of scandal, by disrobing it of its seducing attire; and in its pursuit of the moralizing hypocrite through all his windings, circumventing his designs, saving innocence or credulity from his machinations, and finally devoting him to severe punishment. The characters are numerous, natural and distinct. The testy, but affectionate husband in Sir Peter; the susceptible yet extravagant, the giddy, yet uncontaminated wife in Lady Teazle; the frank old fashioned friend and relation in Sir Oliver, the canting and villanous hypocrite in Joseph, and the warm-hearted, though extravagant profligate in Charles, are characters so exquisitely painted, so naturally connected, and so effectually contrasted by the artist, that the whole picture engrosses all our admiration. The inferior agents are complete characters; Mrs. Candour, Lady Sneerwell, Sir Benjamin and Crabtree. In these persons the streams of calumny have their rise in the same fountain, but vary in appearance and taste from the difference in their beds.

The screen scene in this play is probably wrought up more effectually (consistent with probability) than any other in the whole mass of English comedy.

The performance of this evening, combined much excellence and many defects; excellence that has seldom been surpassed, and defects no less apparent, but much less extraordinary.

Sir Peter Teazle by Mr. Bernard is one of his most judicious personations. This evening his first scenes were not remarkable for force or nicety of discrimination; but when the occasion demanded peculiar efficacy to be given, "then roused the lion," and his manner of exposing Joseph to Charles was irresistibly comic. We could not but regret the superindiction of extraneous expressions into the text; as in the scene with Joseph, the constant repetition of the word *Joe*, which, while it is not introduced by the author, in our opinion, savours of vulgarity. We noticed too several grammatical inaccuracies, as the connexion of the plural noun and pronoun with the singular termination of the verb. On the whole, the part was admirably delineated; and if the execution sometimes wanted force, the apprehension was generally complete.

Mr. Usher is not a consummate Joseph Surface. He requires that smoothness of ceremony and oiliness of tongue, which can "make the worse appear the better cause," and render "the lie like truth;" *he* is not the man to "smile and smile and be a villain"; he exhibits well the deformity of vice, but wants the *plausibility* which makes it appear like virtue.

We are ready to make allowances for Mr. Poe's deficiency in Sir Charles Surface, in manners, spirit and orthoepy. The suddenness with which the character must have been assumed is a mantle, which like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

We wish Mr. Dykes had been more correct in Sir Oliver Surface.

Mr. Dickenson has much improved in his deportment in the part of Crabtree since the last year; where formerly we saw buffoonery, we now observe wit. It is intended to be a gentlemanly character, as far as manners make the gentleman; it has heretofore been represented as a vulgar ignoramus in the midst of an elegant circle of scandalisers.

Is it too much to require of Mr. Fox correctness in the *words* of his parts? So long as he will neither speak the *language*, nor enforce the *sense* of his author, we think we are exonerated from affording him approbation. Sir Benjamin Backbite, abstracting these qualities, was tolerably performed.

Mrs. Stanley in Lady Teazle gave additional evidence of her powers in vivacious comedy. In her scene with Sir Peter she evinced the complete power of a young, beautiful wife, over a doting and testy husband: but she did not discover sufficient pathos in her screen scene with Joseph and her husband.

In the epilogue, though it was not without its faults, she gave great effect; especially in those lines relating to herself, where she was feeling, judicious, powerful.

We have every day additional reason to congratulate Mrs. Shaw, on the more frequent recurrence of her comic characters. She personated Mrs. Candour this evening in a very spirited style; but had she clothed her insinuations, so that they should have possessed in a greater degree the apparent spirit of *candour* we think she would have much improved the part.

Mrs. Downie undertook to play Lady Sneerwell; but with her well-matched confident, Mr. Vigors in Snake, "came tardy off."

We are fearful Mrs. Stanley's benefit did not answer her own expectations in point of profit; it fully equalled ours in point of entertainment.

The Revenge (Dr. Young) and Raising the Wind. Wednesday, Feb. 18.

The character of Dr. Young, as a moralist and a poet is too well understood to require enforcement, too favourable to need the labour of panegyric. In the play, or dramatic poem of the Revenge, he has been extremely careful to make the unities of action and place complete; but nevertheless, it drags heavily its slow length along, for want of frequency of incident, language of passion, and rapidity of expression. Though the reflections it conveys are noble, poetical and just; though the imagery is bold and illustrative, and the characters various, consistent, energetic and distinct, it has never suited the taste, nor gratified the curiosity of mankind. The story of this play is founded, it is supposed, on the *Abdelazar* of Mrs. Bhen, and Shakespeare's *Othello*; that is, the character of Zanga, resembles the former, and his means of working on the jealousy of Alonzo, the latter; but Dr. Young has in many respects improved on both. The causes of Zanga's revenge are much stronger than those of Iago's; he says himself, speaking to Alonzo, after having completed his purpose,

"Thou see'st a prince, whose father
thou hast slain,
Whose native country thou hast laid in
blood,
Whose sacred person, Oh! thou hast profaned,
Whose reign extinguished. What was
left for me
So highly born?"

The probabilities of exciting jealousy favour Young more than Shakespeare. Othello is a man "not easily jealous;" but Alonzo is of a country famed for its littleness of mind, and meanness of passion; jealousy is inhaled with its very air. The trifles which "perplex Othello in the extreme," are mere trifles; but with Alonzo, "proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest."

In the Revenge as in Othello, the story is single, and its mark is seen from the beginning; but after the plot is developed, the moral of the Revenge has a decided preference. For Zanga is completely punished, while Iago preserves his self-possessed malignity.—*Iago* says,

"What you know, you know
From this time I never will speak more;"

but *Zanga* expresses himself in these terms,

"Oh vengeance, I have follow'd thee too far, [fires."
And to receive me hell blows all her

The first appearance of Mr. Fennel on the Boston boards had not much attracted the public observation; his appearing in the Revenge, which is not a favourite play, and the foulness of the weather we presume prevented the collecting of a numerous audience. We confess our expectations were highly raised, to witness his powers in Zanga; but had they been much higher, they had been surpassed. It does not derogate from any other performer to pronounce his Zanga the best which has ever been seen in Boston. With the apprehension of the *whole* part (the general divisions, as well as the minute ramifications of the character) he seemed perfectly acquainted. His enunciation is bad, which is a great detriment to passionate expression; and often the closing words of his sentences were lost in the indistinctness and feebleness of his articulation. His countenance wants a subtlety of expression, and his voice failed in tones of irony. Mr. Fennel evinced the two natures of Zanga; the princely when alone, and the servile when before Alonzo, in the most correct manner. In his conception of the text, he is more completely judicious than any actor we have seen in Boston; and if he ever varies from received opinion, it is for readings at the same time original and bold, reasonable and vigorous. He once or twice committed blunders with the text; as in this line,

"You should not hazard *death** to gain
the secret."

In this expression,

"But *others' groans*, shall tell the world
my death,"

he marked *others* and *tell*, with what propriety we know not.

In the soliloquy, beginning; *Thus it stands*, his execution was as astonishing, as his conception was correct.

The expression,

"*You will not wed her then?*"

we do not think should be uttered in a tone of mortification, but with ironical acuteness; and his ensuing observation enforces this notion. The bye-play of the part was well conceived, and in most cases very well executed.

In the scene of consummation, that is, the last scene of all, as it required, so Mr. F. evinced the greatest power. The words, "I *forg'd* the letter," were forcibly and accurately expressed. On the whole, if Mr. Fennel should perform his other characters, in comparitively as correct a manner as he performed Zanga, it will not be too much to pronounce, that in Boston we shall have never seen more judicious representations, in vigour of conception, accuracy of deportment, and general comprehension.

Mr. Usher in Alonzo, never performed it in a superior manner; he was oftentimes quite strong in apprehension. But in this line he was defective.

"The conquest of the *world* would cost
me dear";

He spoke it as if he had conquered the world; but the word world should be particularly marked in contra-distinction to Africa, from whence he had just returned a conqueror.

Mrs. Powell was respectable in Leonora; and gave some passages with effect.

* For "life."

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

MEN of *liberal* education sometimes speak of merchants and commerce in *illiberal* terms. The following sentence is from a writer of no mean celebrity.

The real lamp of Aladdin is that on the merchant's desk. All the geniis, white, olive or black, who people the atmosphere of earth it puts in motion at the antipodes. It builds palaces in the wilderness and

cities in the forest; and collects every splendor and every refinement of luxury from the fingers of subservient toil. Kings of the East are slaves of the lamp: the winds blow, and the seas roll only to work the behest of its master.

The following parodies with some felicity the *Persicos odi* of Horace:

Friz me not—I cannot bear
Mountains of powder in my hair,
And oceans of pomatum;
Let city prigs, or courtly beaux
Wear the scarce bag, or scarcer rose,
I will not, for I hate 'em.

Thus to be feather'd as an owl,
Or larded like a Gallic fowl,
For Englishmen is horrid!
Dress me no longer like a fop,
But bring my scratch, whose Tyburn top
Lies snug upon my forehead.

THE POETS.

It was well remarked in one of the best English magazines, when a new collection of British poets was announced, "that such collections were not desirable; that to the good writers there should be more comment, and of the indifferent ones less text; that the great poets ought to be edited with accuracy, labour and learning, and the little ones cut down into anthologies." We are happy to observe that a new edition of Spencer's works has been presented to the public by Mr. Todd, to whom English literature was before indebted for a learned, laborious and accurate edition of Milton, and that the acute Gifford has published a complete edition of the works of the old dramatist Massinger, whose value has not till lately been duly appreciated.

PAINTING.

The pen, *says Ben Jonson*, is more noble than the pencil, for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense.

An old pun has been thus neatly versified:

Tho' Myra's cheek love's native hue discloses,
I like her *two lips* better than her roses.

MADOC.

An English reviewer speaks of this poem in these flattering terms: "All things considered, we are placing Madoc below the Odyssey and above the Lusiad; and for conceding to the Ænead a precedence founded on *elder* rather than *higher* birth, and assisted by a cosmopolite, instead of a national language."

PREJUDICE.

Two Englishmen, who were exploring the distant regions of the East, determined upon visiting the Polygars in the peninsula of India. "Do not go there," said the venerable chief of a town: "it is a brown and bladeless waste, and the people of that country are wild and savage; their covering is the skin of a tyger, and they banquet upon human flesh; in the moment that you place your foot upon their frontier, they will kill and devour you." The wanderers became grave, but not disheartened: they pursued their journey, and when they reached the peninsula, they found the most luxuriant province, smiling in all the prodigal bounty of a beneficent Providence, and a people the most gentle, polished, cultivated, and hospitable.

The poet Dermody delineated danger in the following beautiful colours:

High o'er the headlong torrent's foamy fall,
Whose waters howl along the rugged steep,
On the loose-jutting rock, or mould'ring wall,
See where gaunt Danger lays him down to sleep! [keep;
The piping winds his mournful vigils

The lightnings blue his stony pillow warm;
Anon, incumbent o'er the dreary deep, [storm,
The fiend enormous strides the lab'ring
And mid the thund'rous strife expands his giant form.

As the dress of Pat is pretty nearly the same from Dublin to Galway, and from Fairhead to Bantry, and has continued so for ages, one description will be sufficient, and I shall take it from Spenser in his Review of Ireland: It is a long loose coat, or mantle made of woollen, of stone-colour, which Pat always wears alike in the nipping winter and the sultry summer, and of which the poet with some bitterness of spirit, thus speaks: "It is a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief: first, the outlaw being for his many crimes and villanies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of Heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of man. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose, in winter he can wrap it close: at all times he can use it; never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is serviceable; for in this war that he maketh (if at least it deserves the name of war,) when he still flieth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff." The lower order of women are also very fond of a long great coat, with many capes.

PLEASANTRY OF A SLUGGARD.

A person who had contracted the bad habit of rising very late, excused himself in the following manner to his friends who upbraided him: "The fact is, every morning before I rise I hear a curious cause pleaded before me, between diligence and sloth. The one advices me to get up and employ myself about some useful business; the other speaks much in praise of a warm bed, and the superiority of rest over toil. In a scrupulous attention to both parties, I find a great deal of my time in the morning is passed in bed."

The following irregular lines display the brilliancy of poetic fancy:

Zephyr, whither art thou straying?
Tell me where:
With prankish girls in gardens playing,
False as fair.

A butterfly's light back bestriding,
Queen-bees to honeysuckles guiding,
Or in a swinging hair-bell riding,
Free from care.

Before Aurora's car you amble
High in air;
At noon, when Neptune's sea-nymphs gambol,
Braid their hair.

When on the tumbling billlows rolling,
Or on the smooth sands idly strolling,
Or in cool grottos they lie lolling,
You sport there.

To chase the moon-beams up the mountains
You prepare;
Or dance with elves on brinks of fountains,
Mirth to share.

Now seen with love-lorn lillies weeping,
Now with a blushing rose-bud sleeping;
Whilst fays from forth their chambers peeping,
Cry, oh rare!

The following remarks from an intelligent writer, might very well have been added to the last disertation of the Wanderer, *on Conversation*—The hours which are consumed in the idle amusement of a card table, or wasted in useless discussion of needless politics, if applied to the improvement of social intercourse, and the increase of polite literature, would add much to the charms of society, increase the civilization and refinement of the age, and make the circle of the fire-side worshippers at the temple of refinement.

THE HARP AND DICE.

Although refinement has of late polished our social intercourse with many graces, yet foreigners have unanimously censured the inelegance and dullness of our ordinary society. Our women are insipid

and silent, and our men monotonous politicians, or inveterate whist-players. In the tone of our conversation there is no versatility; in its subject there is no taste. Whenever it shall not be deemed pedantry to make the fine arts the objects of our serious conversation; whenever it shall become fashionable to render our colloquial ideas the language of criticism; and whenever the collusion of splendid minds shall reflect their lustre in domestic circles; a Grecian amenity will adorn our national character, and diffuse its elegance even in a village neighborhood.

It was a custom among the ancients, at their entertainments to have a harp carried round the table, and presented to every guest, which if any one refused, out of ignorance or unskilfullness, he was considered as illiterate or ill-bred. Pindar, in one of his odes alludes to this custom:

Nor does his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful muse,
When round the mirthful board the
harp is borne. WEST.

P. du Halde, in his history of China, furnishes us with an extract from a Chinese author, who inveighing against such who neglect their studies, adds, "These persons are most at loss at the conclusion of a banquet. The plate and dice go round, that the number of little verses which every one ought to pronounce may be determined by chance. When it comes to their turn they appear quite stupid."

There is a singular similarity in both these customs; and were they introduced into our country, might awaken many of our associates from their drowsiness, or occasion some to protest loudly against the use of the poetical dice, and the melodious instruments.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Sancho is about to publish a fac simile engraving of King Richard the Third and Anne his Queen, from the original, which the late Lord Orford always imagined was in existence, and which has lately been discovered in the library of a nobleman in a perfect state.

Mr. Boyd's translation of the Triumph of Petrarch, will shortly be published.

The Teylerian Society at Haarlem has proposed the following questions, as the subject of a prize essay, to be adjudged on the 8th April, 1807:—1. In what does the difference between natural and revealed religion consist? 2. Whether various publications have not appeared at different times which tend to obscure this difference, and to cause the advantages possessed by Christianity over the religion of nature to be forgotten? 3. Whether, in proportion as these writings are disseminated, and the two religions assimilated to each other in every point, the most fatal effects may not be expected to result to christianity, morality, and the happiness of man?—The prize is a gold medal of 400 florins in value. The essays must be written either in Dutch, Latin, French, or English.

A new novel from the pen of Mr Lewis, has lately been issued from a London press.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must dismiss the "Querist" with a remark from the play. "When good luck comes into the house the best way is to seize fast hold of him and not stop to *inquire* at what crivice he crept in."

We admire the classical quotations of ALECTO! but why should he wish us to give our reader sa fit of *Ennui* by the dull detail of private misfortune and the splenetic fancies of ideal grief.—Let him turn to his favourite author and read the lines,

Numina nulla præmunt; mortali urgemur ab hoste
Mortales; totidem nobis animæque manusque.

R**'s very elegant "PRESENT" shall appear next week. We regret not receiving it in season for this number.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

ODE TO HOPE.

Angel of Light! why hast thou fled,
Why hast thou ceas'd thy balm to shed,
Which soothes my wounded heart?
Must sad reality present,
No picture but of discontent,
And anguish keen impart?

Once friendship's joys extatic beam,
Plac'd round my heart with hopes supreme,
But now the sad reverse I see,
Fortune and fate both frown on me.

How oft by visionary schemes,
By airy phantoms, golden dreams,
Is hopeful man misled?
When pleasure wings the laughing hour,
How oft the clouds of sorrow low'r,
Round his devoted head.

Thus once, each throbbing transport fill'd
My heart, by faithless friendship chill'd,
I mourn stern fate's severe decree,
Those whom I lov'd, now frown on me.

As down the stream of life we sail,
And spread all canvass to the gale,
The mermaid pleasure's sings,
To lure us to her fatal shore,
While time unheeded passing o'er,
Brings anguish on his wings.

But now misfortune's stern control,
Bids disappointments chill my soul;
Chief, I can obtain, is pity's fee,
She, whom I love! refuseth me.

Some pay their vows to Wealth or Power,
To gild their little short liv'd hour,
With borrow'd light to shine:—
With slavish toil, to earn the prize,
That glitters in their dazzled eyes;
And bursts the golden mine.

But disappointments all await,
Such is the true decree of Fate;
No more, sweet hope; I joy in thee!
While Fate and Friendship frown on me.

Oh say, ye, who by Fortune blest,
By riches favour'd, and by friends caress'd;
What is thy human part?
When your connexions feel distress,
From various fates and ill success
Wounding the feeling heart.

Does Hope's sweet charity inspire,
To fill the breast with fond desire?
Say, do you kindly sympathize
Cherish, assist, console, advise?

Or does your haughtier spirits with disdain
From Hope's celestial, humbler acts refrain,
And while you with regardless guile pretend
Insult misfortune, and desert the friend?

If such your pride and guilty shame,
Repent and be forgiven,
Nor longer spurn the glorious aim
The cherish'd hope of Heaven!

"S."

Boston, January, 1807.

ARISTODEMUS.

A MONODRAMA

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ARGUMENT

"The oracle had demanded a virgin victim of the blood-royal, as the price of Messenia's safety. The lot had fallen on the daughter of Lycurgus, who fled with her. Stimulated by ambition, Aristodemus voluntarily offered his child: her betrothed husband, to save her life, asserted she was pregnant; Aristodemus immediately stabbed her, and bade the priest convince himself of the falsehood of this evasion. He obtained the crown; but the reflection, how he had obtained it, never could be obliterated; and, at length, he slew himself upon his daughter's tomb."

A SEPULCHRE. TIME—NIGHT.

Yet once again—again at this dread hour,
When nature slumbers in serene repose,
And only murderers wake:—I come to pause
O'er thy cold grave my child! again I come,
Worn out with anguish, and the keenest pangs
That frenzying Memory knows. Ye dreadful shades!
Ye sullen monumental groves of death!
To you I come; escap'd the wearing cares
Of empire, and its loathsome pageantry,
Sunk to the father, comes the wretched king.

O thou cold clay—once moulded by the hand
Of lavish Nature to perfection's form—
Once animate with life, and youth, and love;
Once my Earine! Again I come
To pour my sorrows forth, and call to view
What this cursed hand destroyed; when wild with rage,
With savage superstitson, and the lust
Of empire, I destroy'd the fairest work
Of bounteous heaven—blasted the opening bud
Of beauty—cast away the ties of man—
And murdered my dear child!
Oh, she was dear!
I loved her—how I loved her, witness heaven! [heart;
Witness the eternal grief that gnaws my
Witness the days in fruitless efforts worn, [will rise;
To check the bitter thoughts that still
Witness the nights, when memory—sleepless find— [dear!
Fevers my throbbing brain. Oh, she was
For she was all a father's heart could wish:
Health blossom'd in her cheek, and in her voice [ling eye
The soul of music breath'd; her sparkSpoke each emotion of her gentle soul,
Most eloquent. Messenia never saw
A maid more lovely than Earine—
A happier father, than her barbarous sire.

Now I can praise thy falsehood, when too late, [hopes.
Androcles!—I had sanction'd all his
He saw her eye beam love; he heard her voice [him urge
Breathe tenderness; and Nature bade
The fond, false plea. Some fury at that hour [the sword,
Possess'd me—in her breast I plung'd
Gor'd her white bosom, though her fearful eyes [clasp'd hands
Look'd up to me for aid, though her
Clung round my knees for safety. I beheld [grasp
Her livid cheek convulse—I felt her
My knees, in life's last struggle—I behold [thousands round
Her starting eye-balls;—calm when
Rais'd one instinctive cry; when even the priest [was calm—
Started, and shriek'd with horror—I
I only—I—her father!
But the hand
Of Heaven lies heavy on the murderer now!
Earine! Androcles! look on me!
Behold me in the autumn of my days,
When had I known to feel a father's love,
My daughter's care had smooth'd the path of age, [oak,
Behold me withering like the blasted
Struck by the wrath of Heaven. Nor ever night [ries throng,
Descends, but round my couch the furDreadful they smile, and in their red eyes glares
Horrible expectation!
Light'nings come—
Rush round my head—annihilate my woes! [thou come?
Thou fearful spectre, wherefore dost
Where dost thou beckon? Spirit of my child,
Why bare that bleeding breast? Earine,
Spare me! Earine! my murder'd child,
Spare thy poor father—tho' he spar'd not thee!
Thou pointest to the sword—this impious sword—
There is no hope—no mercy: I obey
The dreadful call—accurst, abandon'd wretch,
Down to perdition!—(*He stabs himself.*)

EPIGRAMS.

Keep your own Secrets.

Says *Richard* to *Tom*, with a good deal of heat,
"My secret you've basely betray'd:
"When I told you I never suppos'd you'd repeat,
"And after the promise you made!"
"Friend *Richard*," quoth *Thomas*, "you're sadly astray;
"The secret I told, it is true;—
"But if it's so precious you cannot but say,
"Three guardians are better than two."

Bad and Worse.

"My wife's so very bad," cried *Will*,
"I fear she ne'er will hold it,—
"She keeps her bed!"—"Mine's worse" said *Phil*,
"The jade has just now sold it."

The best Nobility.

That I was *noble* born, allow you must;
Chaste was my *mother*, and my *father just*

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